The

# Non-Subscribing Presbyterian.

No. 27. SEPTEMBER, 1909. PRICE ONE PENNY. 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.

## Contents.

| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Notes of the Month ... ... ... | 1 |
| Life and Doctrine.—By Rev. J. Worthington, B.A. ... ... ... ... | 2 |
| Religion of the Future.—By Dr. Eliot | 4 |
| The Choice of Hercules.—Translation by Richard F. Patterson ... ... | 5 |
| In Memoriam: The Story of a Little Fish.—By A. M'I. Cleland ... | 6 |
| Obituary.—Mr. J. M'Clelland Martin | 9 |
| Reports.—Balee; Belfast: Stanhope St.; Glenarm; Greyabbey; Holywood; Unity Guild ... ... ... ... | 9 |

## Notes of the Month.

IN our July issue we hinted at the possibility of a series of services and meetings being held in the autumn. The dates have now been fixed and it is possible not only to give them, but also to indicate what it is hoped to accomplish by the holding of such gatherings. Some time ago the officials of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association expressed their readiness to send to the North of Ireland a strong deputation of laymen and ministers, including the popular President and Secretary, Mr. John Harrison and the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, so that by means of friendly co-operation and conference mutual benefit might ensue. We on this side quickly realised that the proposal was most generous and opportune, seeing that the proposed gatherings would not only be extremely stimulating in themselves but might also serve to quicken and increase the interest in our newly-constituted Church. Accordingly it has been decided to arrange a programme to cover October 24th, 25th and 26th, consisting of special services in some of the churches on Sunday the 24th, a conference, organ recital, and public meeting, to be held in the First Church, Belfast, on Monday, the 25th; and special meetings or services to be arranged for several of the country churches on Tuesday, October 26th. To ensure the complete success of the scheme it is essential that the members and ministers of our different congregations should heartily co-operate with that end in view, determined to get from such united gatherings all the help and benefit they are calculated to afford. Mutual encouragement in our common work, greater devotion to our highest ideals of service—these at least ought to be forthcoming as the outcome, and assuredly will be if we all take up the project with earnestness and enthusiasm.

---

The year 1909 is noteworthy for the number of celebrations connected with the names of illustrious men which fall therein. Already the life work of great men like Mendelssohn, Charles Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln has been reviewed on the occasion of centennial gatherings. But during the past month many readers will have been glad to recall the

services rendered to literature by Alfred Tennyson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, both of whom were born in August, 1809. The first-named was perhaps the best interpreter of the life and ideals of Victorian England, often in felicitous phrase or fitting metaphor expressing the highest and purest thought of his age. Without his poetry the nineteenth century would have been less complete and satisfying, while many lovers of literature would have lacked the inspiration which Tennyson's poetic genius is able to afford. His American contemporary, Oliver Wendell Holmes, while not ranking so high as Tennyson as a poet, has nevertheless won enduring fame as a writer of verse, and as the possessor of quaint humour and a singularly facile prose style. It is safe to prophesy that "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will long live as one of the most charming books of the nineteenth century. Yet we not only think of Holmes as a writer, but also remember that he was a lifelong member of our own household of faith, doubtless owing to that fact the cheery optimism and buoyant religious feeling which characterise so much of his work as a writer.

---

We give here an Irish Bishop's view of the Prayer-book in the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland:—Addressing the Diocesan Synod of Killala and Achonry at Ballina, on 21st July, Bishop O'Sullivan alluded to the appointment by the General Synod of a committee to report as to the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. He said without making wholesale alterations it would be a clear gain to leave out repetitions where possible. It was a needless waste of emotional force to repeat the Lord's Prayer, to repeat a Confession or Creed so often as we did. It ought to be possible at least on Sunday evening to begin a service without the long address, though in many places an explanatory introduction to the services might still be useful. Our Prayer-book lacked special prayers for things that interested most people in a greater or less degree, such as prayers for our empire, our colonies, our army and navy, social questions and labour problems. He did not find that their people wished so much for a shorter service as for a service conducted gravely and solemnly but they were so constituted that in due time clergy and people failed to maintain the spirit of the most grave and solemn words if they were too often repeated, or if there were not some reasonable variety or some enrichment.

## LIFE AND DOCTRINE.

By Rev. Joseph Worthington, B.A.

IT is becoming more apparent every day that dogmatic religion is falling into disrepute. The "orthodox" standards of belief by an increasing number of people are coming to be regarded as a hindrance rather than a help to the religious life. The Scottish Church, for example, for a considerable time now has been in difficulties with the Westminster Confession of Faith. It does not know quite what to do with it. And the "Orthodox" Presbyterian Church of Ireland, if we may judge from one or two things that were said at the General Assembly a few weeks ago, will be in similar difficulties before very long. Every creed-bound Church in Christendom, in fact, that is, every Church except our own, finds to-day that its standards of belief, instead of being a help to religious faith, are a source of trouble and confusion.

Much of this confusion arises from the fact that the Churches find themselves bound to Creeds and Confessions of Faith which can no longer be squared with the facts of experience. Life, experience has outgrown them, and confusion is inevitable with a doctrine stamped with finality on the one hand and a growing experience on the other. But this itself is a condition of things which can only be accounted for by the failure to see what religious doctrine really is.

For one thing, we find doctrine frequently confused with dogma. But

here it is important to distinguish. All dogmas are doctrines, but not all doctrines are dogmas. The Unitarian Congregations are not without doctrines, but they have no dogmas. Dogma is " the expression of the collective judgment of a religious body, issued in precise form and with legislative force." It is a doctrine which has been sanctioned by, and issued as a binding creed of, a particular church or sect. The Nicene Creed, for instance, is a dogma. It was formulated and ratified by the Church Councils in the 4th and 5th centuries. Not all doctrines have been thus formulated and ratified. Not all doctrines, therefore, are dogmas. Nor is dogma at all necessary. It is possible, surely, in religion as in science, to possess a body of religious truth without having to resort to dogmatic definition. Dogma in fact, as the Christian Church at least has used it, has stood and still stands in the way of religious progress.

Not less mischievous than the confusion of dogma and doctrine is the modern tendency to disparage doctrine. We are sometimes told, for example, that " Christianity is a life and not a doctrine." And this is a statement the truth of which on its positive side we cannot too often be reminded of. We need to be reminded that Christianity is a life ; and, what is more important still, we need to read and study the Gospels in order to get a clear idea of the *kind of life* we are there invited to live. The striking contrast, says a modern writer, between the lives of Christians and the principles to which our Christian profession pledges us is the great religious difficulty of the present day.

To say, however, that Christianity is not a doctrine is absurd. It is tantamount to saying that Christianity does not require us to think of the meaning and significance of the Christian life. But we have been endowed with the power to think, and it will not do us any harm to use the power we possess.

There are those, on the other hand, who seem to think that Christianity is simply and solely a system of doctrine. Doctrine here is divorced from life and is studied pretty much as one might study a book of Euclid. It is regarded as a number of propositions which must be got into the mind somehow. Such a method is worse than useless, for not only is religious truth unintelligible except to a corresponding experience, but it impairs a man's power of judgment when he forces himself to believe what he cannot grasp as true. " No man can say Jesus is the Lord except he be in the Spirit."

To put the matter briefly, Christianity is both life and doctrine. For we both live and think ; we live first and think afterwards. The Christian life came first and then its interpretation ; the principle of the Cross and then our idea of its meaning in the light of the Cross of Christ ; the life of love and then the assertion, God is Love. Doctrine, in short, is the interpretation of life. It stands to life or experience in much the same relation as, say, astronomy to the stars, or geology to the rocks.

All the great Christian doctrines, therefore, have their origin in human experience. Take as an illustration the doctrine of predestination. This is a doctrine which is first associated, not with Calvin, but with Augustine. It was Augustine's interpretation of his own experience—which was that he had been converted and redeemed by *an act of Divine Grace*. In defending his experience against Pelagius, who maintained that man, by his natural powers, could take the necessary steps to his own salvation (a view which was the interpretation of *his* experience) he was driven to the view that it is God alone who wills human salvation, and that the saved, therefore, have been elected to salvation from eternity. This is a doctrine which, derived as it is from a real experience, holds, of course, a certain truth. But as in the case of some other doctrines, in the course of Christian history it has been divorced from experience, universalised, and taught as the absolute truth about God and salvation. Again, the Westminster Confession of Faith when first adopted

was a sufficiently accurate expression of the living faith of the Church. No other Theology than that of Calvin, as has often been pointed out, could have secured the favour of Scotland at that period. But he would be a bold man who should assert that the Westminster Confession expresses the living faith of the Church to-day. It has passed its period of usefulness, and the best that can be said of it now is that it is a monument of a great age.

We need to emphasise, then, the vital relation between life and doctrine, and we must insist that the real test of the truth of a doctrine is life itself. If doctrine is the interpretation of experience, then the final Court of Appeal for the truth or falsity of a doctrine is experience, by which is meant not our own experience merely, but the experience of the race. Is this inconsistent with the view that doctrine must be brought to the test of Holy Scripture? Not at all. Scripture is a record of the deepest religious experiences the world has ever known, and is therefore invaluable as a test of religious doctrine. But it is as a record of experience not as an infallible book that it is a test. And we make this statement while believing that Scripture contains a unique Divine revelation. For all revelation must pass through a human channel. It must appear on the plane of human consciousness and must therefore enter into and be part of a human life.

## RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

DR. ELIOT'S pronouncements since he surrendered the presidency of the Harvard University and was offered an appointment as American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, on the termination of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's term, secured great prominence in the newspapers in the United States, chiefly because Dr. Eliot is regarded as America's best educational authority. His authority has increased since he was elected the first president emeritus of America's greatest seat of learning.

Addressing the Harvard School of Theology recently, Dr. Eliot referred to the changing views on religion, and asked the students to recognise from these and other indications that religion is not fixed, but fluent, and alters from century to century. He predicted the approaching downfall of dogma and creed, and declared the corner-stone of the twentieth century belief will be love of God and service to fellow-men.

The new religion, he continued, will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life. It will believe in no malignant powers, and it will attack quickly all forms of evil. The new religion will think first of the common good, and not afford safety primarily to the individual.

A new thought of God will be its characteristic. The twentieth century religion accepts literally St. Paul's statement, "In Him we live and move and have our being." God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed. This religion rejects the idea that man is an alien or fallen being who is hopelessly wicked.

The new religion will take account of all righteous persons; it will be a religion of all saints; it will reverence teachers, liberty and righteousness, and respect all great and lovely human beings. It will have no place for obscure dogmas or mystery. It will comprehend only persons of goodwill, for, after all, they alone are civilised. The new religion will laud God's love and will not teach condemnation for the mass of mankind.

Based on the two great commandments of loving God and one's neighbour, the new religion will teach he is best who loves best, and serves best, and that the greatest service will be to increase the stock of goodwill.

"There are already many signs," concluded Dr. Eliot, "of the extensive co-operation of democracy, individualism, idealism, and of a tendency to welcome the new and preventive medicine. Finally, I believe the new religion will make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us."

## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

*Translated from Xenophon: Memorabilia II. 1. 21-23.*

By Richard F. Patterson.

WHEN Hercules was passing from childhood to manhood—a time at which the young become their own masters and show whether they are going to take the path of virtue or that of vice in their lives—he went into a quiet place and sat down, not knowing which of the paths he should take. And there appeared to him two women of lofty stature coming towards him: one comely to look upon and of open countenance; her body was clad with purity, her eyes were modest, and her bearing chaste, and she wore a white robe. The other was fed up to plumpness and softness, and her face was made up so as to seem fairer and rosier than it really was, her bearing seemed more upright than it was by nature, her eyes were wide open, her robe was such as would best allow her beauty to shine through; she often glanced down at herself and also glanced around to see if anyone else was looking at her; moreover, she often looked back at her own shadow. And when they drew near to Hercules, the first of them advanced in the same manner, but the other wished to reach him first and ran up to him and said:—"I see, Hercules, that you are at a loss as to which path of life you should choose; now, if you choose me as your friend, I will lead you by the pleasantest and most easy path: you shall taste every delight, and live a life free from troubles.

For you shall not give a thought to wars or affairs of state, but you shall spend your days considering what agreeable food or drink you can find, or what pleasant things you can see or hear or smell or touch; how you can sleep most softly and how you can obtain all these things without the least labour. And if there should be apprehension of a dearth of those things from which these advantages come, there is no fear that I will lead you to procure them by toil or suffering of body or mind; but whatever other men make by work, you shall enjoy, abstaining from nothing from which it may be possible for you to reap some profit; for I give authority to my followers to help themselves from every source whatever."

When Hercules had heard this he said "Lady, what is your name?" She answered, "My friends call me Happiness, but those who hate me depreciate me and call me Vice."

In the meantime the other woman drew near, and said:—"I also have come to you, Hercules, because I know your parents, and thoroughly learnt your nature in your boyhood; wherefore I hope that if you choose the path that leads to me, you will become a noble doer of good and holy things, and that I shall be seen to be still more deserving of honour and attractive on account of these benefits to you; and I shall not completely deceive you by preliminary words about pleasure, but I shall truly set forth in detail the actual facts, as the gods ordered them. Nothing excellent and good is given by the gods to men without toil and care; but if you wish the gods to be propitious to you, you must worship them; if you desire to be loved by friends you must do your friends a service; if you long to be honoured by any city you must help the city; if you claim to be admired by the whole of Greece for your merit, you must try to benefit Greece; if you wish the earth to bear you abundance of fruit, you must devote attention to the earth; if you think you ought to enrich yourself from flocks, you must bestow care upon your flocks; if you are eager to wax greater by means of war, and wish to be able to free your friends and subdue your enemies, you must study tactics and learn from those who know them and practise how you ought to make use of them; and if you wish to be strong in body, you must accustom the body to obey the mind and train it with toil and sweat."

And Vice, interrupting, said (according to Prodicus):—"Do you see, Hercules, how hard and long is the road to pleasure which this woman describes

to you ? But I will lead you by a short and easy path to happiness."

But Virtue said :—" What good thing, wretched creature, do you possess ? or what sweetness are you acquainted with, since you will not do anything to gain these things ? You do not even wait for the desire of pleasant things, but fill yourself with them all before you desire them, eating before you are hungry, and drinking before you are thirsty, obtaining cooks that you may eat with pleasure, and that you may drink with pleasure you procure expensive wines, and in summer seek for snow to cool them ; and that you may sleep with pleasure you procure not only soft mattresses, but also beds and rockers to them ; it is not through toil but because you have nothing to do that you desire sleep ; thus you train your friends, playing the wanton by night, and sleeping through the most useful part of the day. And, though immortal, you have been cast forth from the gods and are held in dishonour by good men ; and the sweetest of all sounds, your own praise, you never hear, and the sweetest of all sights you never see ; you have never seen a good work of your own. And if you were to say anything, who would believe you ? And if you were in want of anything who would supply your need ? Or what man in his senses would venture to be one of your revellers' crew ? While they are young, they are impotent in body, and when they become old are senseless in mind, sleek and pampered without labour in youth, squalid and hungry with labour in old age, ashamed of what they have done and burdened by what they are doing, having run through their pleasures in youth and stored up their pains for old age. But I am a companion of the gods, and a companion of good men ; no noble deed either of gods or men is done without me ; and I am honoured most of all both among gods and among men by those by whom I should be honoured, a beloved fellow-worker to artisans, a trusty guardian of the house to masters, a kindly helper to servants, a stout aid to the labours of peace, a firm ally in the deeds of war, an excellent sharer of friendship. And my friends have a pleasant and untroubled enjoyment of food and drink, for they abstain until they desire them ; and sleep is sweeter to them than to those who toil not, and they neither are grieved when they lose it, nor on account of it do they neglect to perform their duties. And the young rejoice in the praises of their elders, and the old are delighted by the respect of the young ; and they remember with pleasure their bygone deeds and take pleasure in performing their present ones well, being through me dear to the gods, beloved by their friends and honoured by their country ; and when the destined end must come, they do not lie forgotten and unhonoured, but live in song well-remembered for ever. If thus you strive, Hercules, son of noble parents, you may gain most blessed happiness."

# For the Children.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## THE STORY OF A LITTLE FISH.

By A. M'I. Cleland.

He did not live in a pond, where waving yellow flags nodded to the reflections of their own pretty faces ; and the tall reeds were always telling each other to hush! hush! Nor did he swim about the clear waters of a babbling chalk stream, where the pebbles flashed back pert defiance to the sun. His home was not in the shallows of a great lake, where the pines by the shore are ever sighing, sighing, as the wind kisses them in passing ; and the moon plays bo-peep among the branches. Nor did he sport on the sandy bottom of the deep sea, and idly flap after the shadows the huge ships cast as they forged along overhead.

This little fish was a land Fish, and lived in a tiny house built on the sunny

side of a small hill. A white-washed house, with tiny window-panes that winked and blinked at the bright sun; a house nearly hidden in parts with trailing ivy and creeper and roses. And in one of the rooms of this little house the little Fish had his own particular nest.

It may seem strange for a little fish to live in a nest, but then, as I said before, this little fish was a land Fish. And his crib was placed in the corner of an upper room in this sweet rose-bowered home. The windows were opened wide all day; and beyond them one could see, first, a daisy-spangled field sloping gently down to a tiny stream; then a wooden bridge which grumbled when you walked on it, but it only grumbled for fun; then an apple orchard on the rising ground on the far side of the stream; after that a tiny church, with a square tower; and beyond the church the elms of the rookery.

He passed most of his time in sleep, did this little Fish, being, as nurse said, "a jewel at the sleeping, and *she* ought to know, having nussed fifty-three." He was a jewel in every way, Someone thought, but then perhaps Someone was prejudiced in his favour. At least, she thought that there never had been such a little Fish since the world began, and that, as we all know, was a pretty long while back.

But he had other occupations besides sleeping, had the little Fish. He spent a great deal of his time trying to catch the shadows the trailing ivy leaves cast upon his white coverlet. The summer breeze waved them to and fro, so that he was never quite able to make a capture. But, jolly little Fish that he was, he didn't mind that, bless you, not he. He only laughed and flashed two beads of pearly teeth after each failure.

Then there were the church chimes, and these entertained him vastly. They only played at the hours; and as their sweet sounds floated over the orchard, and across the stream, and up the daisy-dappled field, and through the shadow-dappled window, and so entered the little pink shell of his ear, he would put his head on one side, as a bird might do, and hold up a fat finger as if commanding silence.

"Ding-dong-ding-dell,
Ding-dell-dong-ding,
Dell-ding-dong-dell,
Ding-dell-ding-dong."

Then when the last chime had struck his lips would begin to part in a beatific smile as he listened to the echoes. Only, when the echoes had quite died away the great bell of course had to crash out the hour—

"G-BONG!"

and that always startled him, it was such a rough, hearty sort of bell, quite unlike the gentle chimes he so loved. So what with sleeping and talking to Someone (at least she said he talked to her, though no one quite believed it); what with shadow-catching and listening to the chimes, life passed pleasantly enough with the little Fish.

And one day an added and wonderful joy entered into his tiny life. How it came about no one quite knew. I expect the Robin was first attracted by the open window, and just looked in as he was passing, with the cheery consequential and confidential air that Robin always assumes. He knows he is welcome, anywhere.

"Chirrup-chee!" And he was on the window-ledge. Fliff! and he was on the edge of the cot. Hop! and he had landed on the white coverlet, with the blue bow at each corner, and was picking up some crumbs lying there.

"Chirrup-chee!" But this was a marvellous thing, thought the little Fish. The pink waistcoat Robin wore caught the bright eyes, eyes as blue as the bows of his coverlet. He stretched out his fat dimpled hands, with fingers scarcely less pink than Robin's waistcoat, and clapped them together in a wooden kind of way. "Chirrup-chee!" said Robin; "I can't stay. Must get back to the wife. Most difficult to get her away from the nest now. Three eggs, and as proud of them as if they were three hundred. Chirrup, chirrup-

chee!" Fliff! And off he flew to his home and nest in the churchyard bank.

The little Fish laughed so loud and gleefully that Someone in the next room heard it, and hurried in to share the fun.

"What is it, little darling?" she asked, as she knelt down by the crib of the little Fish, and passed her hand gently over the silky-golden hair. But he was not able to explain quite clearly what had made him laugh so heartily, though Someone always insisted that he tried to.

However, next time Robin called, Someone happened to be in the room also.

"Chirrup-chee! Most ridiculous wife, that of mine. Five eggs now, and as proud as if she had invented them." Fliff! fliff! And he was picking away at the crumbs on the coverlet. "Must hurry back. Can't get her away from the nest. Chirrup-chee!" Fliff! fliff! And again the little Fish laughed and clapped.

Robin came often after that, and always found a little china saucer ready for him. It had a pattern of red roses round the edge and in the centre a little heap of delicious crumbs. The plate was placed just at the foot of the crib, where the blue eyes could see it but the chubby hands would not be able to take hold of Robin, as they dearly longed to do.

He was always in a hurry, was this much-harassed father of a prospective family. But if he ever longed for the gay times of his bachelor days, he was certainly very loyal to his wife.

"Chirrup-chee! What do you think?" Fliff!—and he hopped to the edge of the saucer. "Those eggs have broken, and my wife has now five of the most ridiculous looking things you ever saw. All beaks and bodies and never a feather among them. And eat! Why they've never done eating! Chirrup-chirrup-chee! I must be off to give them their twenty-third meal this blessed day." Fliff! fliff! and he was gone.

And the little fledglings kept him and his wife so busy that he was not able to call again for some time. At length, however, when the young family was able to look after itself a bit, he thought of his little friend (and perhaps he also thought of the saucer of crumbs) in the little house on the far side of the daisy field. So he flew over the orchard and dropped on the window ledge.

"Chirrup-chee!" Fliff! and he was on the end of the crib.

"Chirrup, chirrup-chee!" What had happened? The little Fish was not there, neither was the saucer of crumbs. The white coverlet with the blue bows was laid very neatly and smoothly over the crib. Fliff! And Robin was on the centre of it. Hop! hop! and he was on the pillow where the little golden head was wont to lie. "Chirrup-chee! Chirrup-chee!" What did it all mean? "Chirrup-chee!"

The door opened gently and Someone came in, very slowly. She had heard Robin's cries of astonishment and saw him on the little pillow of the empty crib.

"Oh, Robin! Robin! Robin!"

"Chirrup! chirrup! chirrup-chee!"

Fliff! fliff!

. . . . . .

The little Fish was lovingly carried down the sunny daisy field; across the wooden bridge, which forgot to grumble that day; and through the orchard, where the ground was speckled with the last petals of the apple blossoms. In the churchyard he was laid to rest, beneath a tiny grass coverlet, and still within sound of the pretty chimes he had so loved to hear. The shadows from the elm trees played hide-and-seek about the coverlet, and Robin brought his wife and family there from their home in the overhanging bank.

And in autumn, when the green coverlet of the little Fish's earthly bed was overlaid with a gorgeous bedspread of golden-brown, golden-red, golden-yellow, and golden-bronze leaves, Robin would perch upon the tiny simple white cross loving hands had placed there.

"Chirrup-chee! chirrup-chee!" His voice sounded strangely sweet and sad in that quiet God's acre. The rooks

were cawing their way home in straggling lines, and the sun was just one great ball of glowing crimson, barred and crossed by the trunks and branches of the elms.

"Chirrup-chee!" Fliff! fliff! and he had hopped down to the pretty bedspread and was looking up at the letters cut into the stone cross:—

In Hallowed Memory
OF
"BOYVEEN"
(EDWARD CHISHOLM FISH),
Who fell asleep on Sunday, 2nd June, 1902,
Aged One Year and One Month.
*"He took a little child."*
*"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."*
*"Chirrup! chirrup! chirrup-chee!"*
*Fliff! fliff!*

## Obituary.

### MR. J. M'CLELLAND MARTIN.

It is with regret we announce the death of Mr. J. M'Clelland Martin, which took place on 31st July, at his residence, 11 Camberwell Street, after a brief illness. Mr. Martin, who had charge of the advertising department of the Midland Railway Company in Ulster, entered the service of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway Company forty-one years ago, and had a fine record of useful service in the manager's office, the engineer's office, and the claims department of the Company. For many years he acted as agent for the Larne and Stranraer Steamship Joint Committee, and was well known and esteemed in railway and shipping circles, and also by the travelling public, who found him universally courteous and helpful and always ready to give the benefit of his services to those in difficulty. He was one of the founders of the Belfast Ethical Society, lectured frequently under its auspices, and took the keenest interest in its progress and development. His addresses were marked by literary taste and critical insight, and he possessed a fund of historical knowledge, which was always at the service of inquirers. He was a keen student of art and antiquities, and his travels on the Continent had given him a first-hand acquaintance with the masterpieces of ancient and modern art. Mr. Martin was a prominent member of the First Presbyterian (Non-Subscribing) Congregation, Rosemary Street. His wife predeceased him, but he is survived by five sons, with whom deep sympathy will be felt in their sad bereavement.

## REPORTS.

**Ballee.**—The Ballee Unitarian Church Choir enjoyed an excursion on the 6th August, the weather being everything that could be desired. Assembling at the church grounds, the party proceeded by brakes, *via* Ballyhornan, to the banks of Killard, where lunch was taken amidst ideally beautiful surroundings. Agreeable recollections of a former visit caused the excursionists to cross the waters of Ballyhornan Bay to Gunn's Island, where various forms of amusement were indulged in, and the afternoon whiled pleasantly away. The placid waters of the Bay having been re-crossed, and the Ballyhornan village again reached, no time was lost in driving to Bishopscourt, where on arrival Rev. J. H. Bibby hospitably entertained all present to tea. Games followed, and a number of choice gramophone selections were thoroughly enjoyed. Twilight came all too quickly, and acknowledgment having been made of the kindness of their minister, the starting point was again duly reached in the rapidly gathering darkness, where "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the several members of a tired but happy party wended their various homeward ways.

**Belfast: Stanhope Street.**—The children attending the Sunday School of the Domestic Mission had their annual treat on Saturday, August 14th, by the kind invitation of the Misses Bruce, at The Farm. No effort had been spared to ensure the success of the fete, and to entertain both the children and their

parents, so that, favoured by beautiful weather, in such ideal surroundings, the event was all that could be desired. At the conclusion of the usual games, the party was photographed, and very hearty cheers were given as an expression of thanks to the Misses Bruce for their valued hospitality.

**Glenarm.**—On Wednesday, 14th July, the Choir, in addition to some members of the Congregation, and friends of other denominations, had their annual excursion. The place chosen was Garron Tower, and as the early part of the day was wet, it proved a wise selection. In accordance with their usual practice, the members assembled at the Meeting-house gate at 9-30 a.m. Having been tightly packed in three large brakes, a start was made for the Tower, which was reached shortly after eleven o'clock. At 12-30 p.m. tea was served to about 70 persons. The manager of the hotel kindly placed at the disposal of the party a hall in which dancing was carried on till late in the afternoon. As the day wore on, nature assumed a more cheerful aspect, the rain ceased, and a number of the excursionists spent the evening at various out-of-door amusements. The other members remained inside and danced away to their hearts' content, until it dawned upon them that it was time to make for their homes, which in some cases were distant four or five miles from Glenarm. A special word of thanks is due to Mr. John Galbraith, jun., for the admirable arrangements he made for the comfort and convenience of the party.

**Greyabbey.**—In connection with the Unitarian Church at Greyabbey a two-days' bazaar and sale of work was opened on 16th July. The object of the bazaar was to establish, with funds already contributed, a substantial sustentation fund, which when invested would prevent any great financial strain upon the members of the congregation in future. The friendly feeling of other denominations in the village and district was evidenced by the practical support given. The stalls were set out in the Concert Hall, Greyabbey. There was a large and representative attendance of the public at the hour when the opening ceremony was to take place. In requesting the Rev. Mr. Kelly, Dunmurry, to preside, the esteemed pastor of the congregation, Rev. Thomas Munn, took occasion to refer to the object of the bazaar, the generous disposition of their friends, and the debt of obligation under which the organisers have been placed. Rev. Mr. Kelly, in taking the chair, assured those present that it afforded him the greatest possible pleasure to do so, especially as one of the most popular ladies in the county—Mrs. Montgomery—was to declare the bazaar open. Her good works were already well known beyond the confines of Greyabbey district. The object of the bazaar was a very worthy one, and one that commanded the sympathy of them all. He would now ask Mrs. Montgomery to declare the bazaar open.—Mrs. Montgomery, who was very cordially received, said it gave her very great pleasure to declare the bazaar open. She considered she had been highly honoured in being asked to discharge that duty. She wished the bazaar and sale of work every success, and hoped the object of the organisers would be achieved.—Miss Jennie Patton, on behalf of the congregation and Rev. Thomas Munn, then presented to Mrs. Montgomery in a beautifully-bound morocco cover an original poem in MS., written by Rev. Mr. Munn, and entitled "Lines to Mrs. Montgomery."—Mrs. Montgomery expressed her appreciation of the compliment which had been paid to her, and with what pleasure she received Mr. Munn's beautiful poem. The usual votes of thanks concluded the proceedings. The bazaar was a great success.

**Holywood.**—Much regret is felt at the loss of Dr. Mellone, who has gone to take up his new work in Edinburgh. On Sunday, 22nd August, he preached for the last time in Holywood, where he has been the esteemed minister for nearly eleven years. He is to be succeeded by the Rev. George Leonard Phelps, who starts work on September 12th, and

who will be duly installed by the Presbytery of Antrim at an early date. On Tuesday, 28th September, a congregational meeting will be held to welcome Mr. Phelps, and to give an address and presentation to Dr. and Mrs. Mellone, who will come over from Edinburgh for the occasion.

**Unity Guild.**—The third excursion of the summer season took place on August 7th, the venue on this occasion being Crumlin. The arrival of a belated summer tended to make the day an ideal one for the purpose, and in consequence over fifty persons made the journey. On arrival at their destination, the party found the resident minister (Rev. S. E. Bowen) and Rev. W. S. Smith, of Antrim, awaiting them on the platform, with a view to acting as guides to the various places of interest. A move was at once made in the direction of Glendaragh, and this was found to be an ideal spot in which to spend a pleasant hour, the magnificent foliage of the trees overhanging the winding paths, and the near presence of the stream and waterfall combining to provide a delightful sense of restfulness and coolness, which was much appreciated in view of the heat. Leaving here, the stroll was continued down the broad road leading to the Manse, opportunity being thus afforded the party to study the magnificent avenue of trees. Steps were then retraced to Main Street, where a welcome repast was provided by the kindness of the Crumlin Congregation in the Masonic Hall. Full justice having been done to this, a cordial vote of thanks to the Guild's hosts was carried with acclamation on the proposition of the Hon. Secretary, seconded by Mr. Hugh Erskine. Rev. J. A. Kelly, before putting the motion to the members, gave a brief but interesting resume of the congregation's history. Replying on behalf of the congregation, Rev. S. E. Bowen assured all that the Crumlin friends were only too pleased to welcome them, and expressed his opinion that the Guild was doing a very good service to the body by bringing the country congregations into touch with their town brethren through the medium of these gatherings. After these proceedings, the party strolled along some pleasant lanes to a point from which an excellent view was obtained of Lough Neagh and Rams Island. Retracing their steps, the Meeting-house was reached, and all inspected the interesting and comfortable-looking building. Train time was now fast approaching, and making their way to the station, the party boarded the special train for Lisburn, kindly provided by the Great Northern Railway Co., Belfast being reached at 9-30 p.m.

Thrift is one of those virtues which it is much easier to preach than to practise; and, to a Scottish audience, our reputation in the world being what it is, it would seem almost like carrying coals to Newcastle to advocate thrift in any shape or form. Well, I will content myself with repeating, in the words of Shakespeare, what comprehends after all the whole truth of the matter—that thrift is blessed, not merely because of the accumulation of the substance, but because of the foundation and strengthening of character. From the financial point of view my definition of thrift shall be this—getting full value for your money and looking ahead. Of course, the historical definition, which has given so much comfort and encouragement to thousands, is that of Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield"—annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.; result—happiness; annual income, £20: annual expenditure, £20 os. 6d.; result—misery. Well, I suppose that that is practically true. It means in reality that a man who is beforehand with the world, to however small a degree, occupies a very different position relatively to the rest of the world from the man who is behindhand with it, to however small an extent.—*Lord Rosebery.*

Printed by J. W. Boyd, 2, Union Street (first door from Donegall Street), Belfast. May also be had from Miss M'Caw, the Depository, Rosemary Street, Belfast; and from Rev. A. Turner, Templepatrick, to whom all communications respecting the Magazine should be addressed. Business Agent:—Rev. George J. Slipper, The Manse, Newry, Co. Down.

# Ulster Unitarian Christian Association,

## 35, Rosemary Street, Belfast.

**Business Hours—10 till 5.** **Hon. Secretary—Rev. J. A. KELLY.**
**Saturdays—10 till 2.** **Assist. Secretary—Rev. G. J. SLIPPER.**

**The Depository is open daily for the sale of Unitarian Literature, including the publications of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Sunday School Association, Manchester District Sunday School Association, and American Unitarian Association. Tracts and Pamphlets expository of Unitarian Principles may be had free on application, or will be sent by post to enquirers if stamped envelope is enclosed with application.**

**A large assortment of Bibles and Hymn Books always in stock; also a large selection of Books by popular authors, suitable for Home Reading and School Prizes.**

**Books at Lowest Discount Prices for Cash.**

**Any Book not in stock will be procured on shortest notice.**

**N.B.**—To enable the Committee to carry on its important work, new and increased Subscriptions are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to

**Mr. C. J. M'KISACK, Hon. Treasurer, 35, ROSEMARY ST., BELFAST.**

## Books of Liberal Religion, People's Editions, 6d. each net. By Post, 8d.

**The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles for English Readers.** A Translation with Introduction and Notes by James Edwin Odgers, M.A., D.D.
**The Bible: What it is and is not.** By Joseph Wood.
**Endeavours after the Christian Life.** First and Second Series. Two Volumes. By James Martineau, LL.D., D.C.L., D.D.
**The Perfect Life: Twelve Discourses.** By William Ellery Channing, D.D.
**God and the Soul: Fundamental Religion.** By Richard A. Armstrong, B.A.
**The Passing and the Permanent in Religion.** By Minot J. Savage, D.D.
**The First Three Gospels: Their Origin and Relations.** With a new Chapter on the Historical Value of the Gospels. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., D.D., D.Litt.
**The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in its Relation to Modern Thought and Knowledge.** By Charles Beard, B.A., LL.D.
**The Soul: Its Sorrows and its Aspirations.** By Francis William Newman. With Memoir and Introduction by Charles B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc.
**Materialism and Atheism Examined.** By James Freeman Clarke, D.D. With an Introduction by Sydney H. Mellone, M.A., D.Sc.
**The Religious Ideas.** By the late William Johnson Fox, M.P. With a brief Sketch of his Life.

**Book Room, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.**